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To the PUBLICK.

An EXPLANATION of the SEAL of the OLD COLONY of PLYMOUTH. A representation of which, is affixed in front of this Paper.

THE four persons in the Shield or Escutcheon, represent our Ancestors, with bended knee, imploring the divine protection. The Flaming Hearts in their hands, represent their zeal and ardor for the honor of God and the cause of pure and unadulterated religion; for which consideration, they preferred retirement, in a peaceable, unmolested wilderness, to the ease and luxuries of opulent cities, cursed with the unrelenting spirit of a bigotted and persecuting clergy.

The similarity of attitude, in the four persons on the Shield, is expressive of that unanimity and sameness of sentiment and pursuit, for which our ever memorable Ancestors were so remarkable.

—Deceffit Spiritus Parentum.
"Quæ non fecimus ipsi, non nostra vocamus".

The Benefit of News-Papers and Almanacks.

NO books or pamphlets are so much the objects of ridicule and contempt as ALMANACKS and NEWS-PAPERS: and it is easy to prove that no books we read (except the bible) are so much valued and so serviceable to the community. Almanacks serve as clocks and watches for nine-tenths of mankind; and in fair weather are far more sure and regular than the best time piece manufactured in the city of London—Twenty gentlemen in company will hardly be able, by the help of their thirty guinea watches, to guess within two hours of the true time of night. — One says it is nine o'clock — another, half after eight, a third, half after ten; whilst the poor peasant, who never saw a watch, will tell the time to a fraction, by the rising and setting of the moon, and of some particular stars, which he learns from his ALMANACK.

A NEWS-PAPER is still more valuable.—The affairs of foreign nations, as well as the transactions of our own people, are conveyed in these channels of intelligence to the most retired recesses of ignorance. A great

part of mankind are excluded either by their poverty or some other circumstance from those sources of knowledge, to which the inhabitants of large towns have a ready access, And yet these retired farmers, who may be the most honest and most necessary part of the community, are equally interested in the politics of their own and other states. A few shillings every year, will furnish them with information of the state of commerce and war—of remarkable occurrences in every quarter of the globe, and of every thing curious and important.

But besides all these advantages, our own domestic happiness would render a NEWS-PAPER the most necessary and useful article that is purchased.—The affairs of government are necessary to be known by the public, and without NEWS-PAPERS we should be obliged to send sheriffs and constables to publish new laws in every town, to warn sessions of the legislature, to proclaim thanksgivings and fasts. In these, the Merchants can tell thousands at once what articles they have for sale, and what they want to purchase.—The farmer lets his farm and cattle for sale—the mechanic his manufactures—the cuckold advertises his wife, and exposes his shame to save his money. In NEWS-PAPERS, rogues are published—stolen goods are found—fools are laughed at—dishonest men derided—vice scourged—and counterfeited money defeated. In short, every thing that deserves the attention of the public, may, in this channel, be conveyed to their understandings, with more ease and expedition than by any other method hitherto invented. I conceive it to be one of the best securities of the liberties of mankind, and the best guard against the encroachments of tyranny.

In this critical time particularly, NEWS-PAPERS may be essentially beneficial to the Community—From political essays people may derive much benefit—they may discover their errors and new arguments to support their opinions; and in short, NEWS-PAPERS furnish a perpetual fund of humour and interesting intelligence. The value of them may in some measure be determined by the fondness of

people to read them.—The moment the paper is published, the office is crowded with readers.—the post riders flock from every quarter of the state, and must go let it rain or shine. For my part, I consider the money that is expended for two or three NEWS-PAPERS in a week as laid out to the best advantage—as promoting my own interest and that of my country.

A TRUE and SINGULAR STORY.

A RUSSIAN nobleman of distinction upon the death of his wife, retired to his country seat with an only daughter. His disposition was stern, violent, and unforgiving, while that of the young lady was mild, gentle, amiable, and engaging; she possessed, with all the softness of her sex, a form uncommonly perfect, and a countenance most beautifully expressive. She had now attained the age of sixteen, when one evening, to relieve herself from the irksomeness of solitude, to which her father's unkindness doomed her, she privately admitted a young man (her first cousin, who resided in an adjacent town) to the pleasure of her conversation. As here they were indulging themselves in discourse, and in forming false though pleasing ideas of expected happiness, she on a sudden heard her father's step approaching, and the before-mentioned youth had but just time to avoid his presence, by hiding himself in a large chest which stood in the apartment. The old man entered, and after an hour's stay, which he consumed in giving his daughter harsh and unnecessary lectures, he retired. Judge, O ye persons of sensibility, what were the poor girl's feelings, what cruel emotions she suffered, when she found her cousin dead for want of air in his concealment. For a while anguish took possession of her soul, which was soon mingled with dread of her father. In despair she descended the stairs, and with a beating heart, and sorrow inexpressible, threw herself upon the mercy of the porter, to whom she related her grief, and begged his humane assistance to remove the body. The man to whom she applied for succour was near sixty, of a form hideous, and an aspect most forbidding, but his soul was still more detestable. Let me hasten over the horrid tale; in short, he refused his aid, unless the possession of her person was to be his reward; and the said unhappy victim, overcome with affliction, and unable to extricate herself, sunk submissive into the arms of the villain. The wretch then removed the body to a neighbouring wood, where it was found next day, and supposed to have been murdered. For some time this son of infamy made his wretched prey the instrument of his pleasures, always threatening her with divulging what he knew. At length, when his own brutal passion was satisfied, he determined to use her for his interest, and from time to time, by working upon her fears, forced her to give private meetings to every one to whom he chose to condemn her, by which

means he enriched himself considerably. It was her fate at length to accompany the porter one night (after her father was retired to rest) where twelve brutes were assembled, in the shape of men, to dedicate their time to riot and debauchery. The poor dejected sufferer was obliged to contribute to their amusement; she, with a mind innocent and virtuous, was, by a cruel combination of circumstances, compelled to endure the horrors of the most shocking prostitution.—As she sat amongst them ruminating upon the terrible situation to which she was reduced, and inwardly lamenting the fatal hour that gave her birth, she observed the porter, and the rest of the company, overpowered by the strong liquors they had drank, sink one after the other into the total insensibility of intoxication. Roused by the occasion, and excited by despair, she daringly seized a knife, and plunged it successively in the heart of each, not one escaped. Then taking the key of her father's house from the porter's pocket, she returned home, and being freed from the prosecutions of her tyrant, determined to dedicate her life in future to penitence and retirement. The death of so many persons could not be concealed, yet no suspicion fell upon her; and the circumstance was not discovered till some months afterwards, when her confessor, who was a married man (which is customary in Russia) divulged the story to his wife, who one day, upon hearing that unfortunate girl's father boast of the superior goodness of his daughter, and draw an unfavourable comparison of her children, the enraged woman discovered the whole. The young lady is permitted to retire into a Convent for life, and the father is fatally convinced of his error, in having driven his daughter to such extremity, from the terror he had inspired her with towards himself.

I will make no comment upon this fact, but will only say, that it is really no fiction, or even embellishment of the truth, but the truth itself; and as a confirmation, can declare, that I have heard it authenticated by many Russians of the first distinction, and most unquestionable veracity.

The UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER.
Founded on Truth.

MISS Clayton, though she could not boast the advantages of high birth, was exquisitely beautiful, and had been educated with great care. She had every accomplishment which education could give her; so that art and nature seemed to have vied to make her agreeable. She was skilled in music; she moved gracefully in the dance; and she had wit at command. There was a bewitching charm in her smile. Her head had a gentle inclination to one side. Her eyes spoke the wish of her soul, and invited to wantonness. Her air, her dress, her manner, were enchanting and voluptuous. It was said, that virtue itself might have been lost in the labyrinth of her allurements.

With so many claims to admiration and love, it was impossible that she could be in want of admirers. But among her suitors, there were two who